



Tick



👁 41 ✓ 6 ★ 5

Chapter 1 by Brock Thompson

Tick. Tick. Tick. Tick.

Chapter 2 by Andrew Hartmann



KABOOM!!!

The elementary school exploded and you could hear all the little kids screaming for their lives. But that wouldn't help them, they were already dead. Then there was me. I tried to get to the school to save my son and two daughters, but it was too late. I had found out that the school was going to explode by overhearing a clown talking to a strange man in the shadows when I was at the circus with my kids.

As I walked through the rubble and exploded toddler corpses, I found a ribbon that I had put in my daughters hair that morning. As I fall to the ground clenching my stomach, I let out a blood curdling scream. Then the cops finally arrive.

In my rage I stood up and started walking to the cop cars. The got out and asked what happened. I then picked up a rock, the biggest one I could find, and whipped it at the first cop's head.

CRUNCH!

CRACK!

I could hear the crack of the cop's skull when the rock met with his forehead. The other cops were surprised. Before they could draw their guns, I was already on the second one. Took a piece of glass and started stabbing him in the throat repeatedly until I was sure he was dead. BOOM!

I heard the thump of a shotgun and felt the burning sensation of lead throw my torso.

BOOM! CH-CHICK BOOM!

Two more shots ripped through me, one through the chest, one through the skull. Then it was dark...

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Chapter 3 by Breckin Vachon 206



THE END

Chapter 4 by Mockingjay



Or at least *I thought* it was the end. I could leave this place. Be with my kids.

Little did I know... I would never see the end of this.

I got to my feet and steadied myself. Blood was dripping from my torso where the two bullets and torn through my flesh.

How was I not dead?

I stood over the bodies of the now dead policemen. I stared out over the bloodied rubble. Then looked down at the daughter's ribbon still clenched in my hand.

Tears streaming down my face as I fall to the ground.

My chest burning in pain, my eyes bloodshot.

I scream.

I scream of pain, loss, torment. I scream because my life is being ripped out of my hands and there is nothing I can do. There's nothing I can do to avenge them, to stop this, to go back in time and *stop this*.

*

Afraid to move. I don't. I stay in the shell of the school building that has long ago been torn to bits. The smell of decomposed bodies is strong. But I've gotten used to it.

I know. That's sick.

I left my wife, she probably thinks I got blown to bits along with our children. Haven't bathed in a year or so. But no one ever comes by. They call it haunted now. And I'm just the crazy monster who lives there.

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Monster. No, I am not a monster. I am a man.

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